

# The North Carolina Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY  
WILLIAM W. HOLDEN,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."  
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## TERMS.

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**The Defence of the Alamo in 1836.**  
Letter from an Officer of the Army to his friend in North Carolina, communicated to the National Intelligencer.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXER, (TEXAS.)  
AUGUST 24, 1846.

On the 14th instant I wrote you a very brief letter, announcing my arrival at this place. We are so far removed from the United States that intercourse is almost prohibited. Mails are so irregular that no reliance is to be placed on them, and private expresses to La Beca, and thence to New Orleans, by any vessel that offers, form the most common means of transmission. This place is very different from any in the Republic as it was, and the houses and streets are not more extraordinary than the habits and appearance of the people.

The most interesting object, however, in the vicinity, is the Alamo. It is now a shapeless mass of ruins. The chapel is defaced and broken down, and the walls of the fort are fast crumbling to decay. Time and the elements have almost completed what the Mexican artillery commenced, and the Coliseum of Texas will soon form but a shattered and mournful monument of its own existence.

On the 23d day of February, 1836, Santa Anna entered San Antonio de Bexer, and took possession of the town without firing a gun. The small garrison of one hundred and thirty men, under the command of William Barret Travis, retired, as he advanced, to the Alamo, on the opposite side of the river, determined there to offer whatever resistance to the progress of the tyrant that God and their own energies should permit. Flushed with the conquest, so easily effected of the town, the Mexican General prepared for an immediate attack upon the Alamo. He ordered breastworks to be thrown up on every commanding point, and artillery to be planted wherever it could be made most effective. One battery was completed on the right bank of the river by the 25th, and on this day the siege commenced.

It is a dark and gloomy morning, devoted to a dark and unholy purpose. Exulting in the work of death upon which he is entering, Santa Anna crosses the river, the better to behold the success of his designs, and establishes his headquarters in a small stone building yet standing. The signal is given, and ere the sun has risen upon the scene, the roar of artillery from the Mexican battery awakens the echoes far and wide, and rouses from their slumbers the yet sleeping inhabitants. But the defenders of the Alamo have not lost sight for a single moment of their wily and remorseless enemy: they watch the studied direction of every gun; they see the match lighted; they listen, breathless, as if even at that distance they could hear the command to fire; and when it does come, and the walls of the citadel tremble under the shock of the iron hail, and the fragments of some are whirled about by the sudden impulse, they send back a shout of defiance, mingled with a discharge of their own guns, almost as deafening as the thunder of their assailants. Before the smoke rolls away, and the reverberations are lost in the distance, while the shouts of the besieged still linger on the ears of the besiegers, the cannonade is renewed, and for seven hours fiercely continued upon the walls of the Alamo. But these walls yield no more than the spirits of their defenders. The fire is steadily returned; and, though stones are shivered around them, there are stout hearts and willing hands ready to repair every breach, and to restore from the interior whatever may have been destroyed from without. Earth is thrown up, every crack or fissure closed as fast as created by the eager efforts of those who will permit no evidence of success to cheer the hopes of their enemy. The sun has almost sunk behind the western plains when there is a pause in the work of demolition. The firing ceases for the day by order of the Mexican commander, with his thirst for blood unquenched for yet a single drop has fallen within the Alamo. Many of our men have bit the dust before the artillery and riflemen of the fort; but thus far they are unvanquished. Darkness falls upon besieger and besieged; the former raised new entrenchments to prosecute the assault; the latter establish a watch for the night, and endeavor to seek that repose which shall give them fresh vigor for the contest which they know will come to-morrow.

The morning of the 26th dawns, and reveals to the occupants of the fort the effect of the midnight labors of their enemy, in the establishment of two additional batteries within the Alameda of the Alamo. The bayonets of the infantry, crossed over the river during the night, glitter in the morning beams, and the plumes of the cavalry are seen waving on the eastern hills, to intercept the expected aid from that quarter. The contest is renewed by a slight skirmish between a few of the Texans, sent in quest of wood and water, and a detachment under the Mexican General Seman; but this is a mere overture to the grand performance of the day. The thunders of the heavy ordnance, under the direction of Colonel Ampudia, are soon into action; volley after volley is poured into the fort, and answered only, except at rare intervals by the shouts of those within. There is no pause, no cessation. Still the cannonade goes on, shells fly hissing through the air, and balls bury themselves within the ramparts; but night comes on, and the Mexican General can see no progress. Baffled but not discouraged, he advances his line of posts, and prepares with the morning light to enter again upon his task. The morning wind sweeps over the prairies, as it only sweeps in Texas: a stormy lullaby to the stormy passions of those contending hosts. The darkness is broken only by the feeble blaze of a few lights, fired by the Texans, which have furnished

a cover to their enemy. The flames curl upwards with a sickly glare, throw a fiful light for a moment upon the slumbering army, and expire. The reign of darkness and of silence is resumed. There is but little firing on either side. Those within the fort, with spirits unsubdued, and with energies weakened but not exhausted, are applying their limited resources to the purposes of defence. No heart falters; no pulse throbs with diminished power; no hand shrinks from the labor that necessity imposes; all is confidence and determination; a firm reliance springing from the holiness of the cause, and the certainty of its final triumph. Sunday follows, but brings no rest to those whom God has created in his own image, yet endowed with such unalloyed passions. Perhaps within the chapel of the Alamo, consecrated to the worship of the Almighty, and distinguished by the emblem of man's salvation which surmounts the dome, heads may be bowed in prayer to the God of battles for deliverance from their sanguinary foe; but that foe takes no heed of Sabbaths. Exclusive followers, as they proclaim themselves, of the true church, they doom to destruction the very temple they have erected for its worship; and, kissing the cross suspended from their necks, and planted before every camp, they point their guns upon the image of that Saviour who once made the tattered dye of the Alamo. The fire of their artillery keeps company with the minutes as they roll on. Morning, midday, and evening, are passed, yet there is no faltering among those who are defending the Thermopylae of Texas. Another sun rises and sets, and yet another: still the indomitable hearts within quail not before the unceasing efforts of their country. In spite of that enemy's vindictive vigilance, the little garrison receives from Gonzales a reinforcement of thirty-three men: additional victims for the funeral pyre, soon to be kindled by Santa Anna on the surrounding hills, as a human hecatomb to Mexican vengeance.

New batteries are erected by the besiegers; from every point around the missiles of destruction concentrate upon the Alamo. The circles grow smaller and smaller. The final hour must soon come. Provisions are not yet exhausted, but the ammunition is almost gone. Water for days has been supplied by the daring efforts of a solitary Mexican woman, who, through showers of grape and musketry, has threaded her way from the river to the castle, while her own blood has marked the path. She bears with her the spirit of her illustrious ancestor, stretched upon the racks of Cortez, and it is not the fear of death or the torture that can swerve her from her purpose. In her presence there is hope, and joy, and life. At each arrival she is hailed by the garrison as the guardian angel of the Alamo, and until it falls her efforts fail not.

The siege has continued for ten days. The Mexican General has received large reinforcements, and his army now numbers thousands. He has been unceasing in his efforts to batter down the walls, but has thus far failed. The triumph is with Travis; but it is written in the heart of his ruthless foe that he must die; and when the cannonade is suspended on the 6th of March, Santa Anna has determined that the hour for the assault has arrived. During ten days a blood-red flag has been streaming from the spire of the church in San Antonio, proclaiming that no quarter is to be given to the champions of the Alamo—that blood alone will appease the fury of Mexican malice. When the sun again goes down, the flag is no longer seen, for the deed of which it was the sign has been accomplished.

It is midnight. Stars are smiling in the firmament, and the repose of paradise seems hovering over the armed hosts, and hills, and plains which encircle the Alamo. A low murmur rises upon the air, which gradually becomes more and more distinct. Lights move to and fro in the distance, and indicate some unusual movement. The besieging army is in motion. There is no advance by columns. The force of the Mexicans is so great, that the fort may be surrounded, leaving intervals only for the fire of artillery. The place is girdled by a deep line of infantry, and these are hemmed in and surrounded by another of cavalry. If the first shrink, they must be thrust forward to the assault by the sabres and pistols of their comrades. Suddenly the batteries are in a blaze, and from their concentric positions pour forth rapid fire pointing to a single center. Amid the thunders thus created, their own shouts scarcely less terrible, and the blasts of bugles, the Mexicans advance to the Alamo. A sheet of flame from rifles that never failed is the answer to the charge. The infantry recoil and fall back upon the cavalry; their ranks broken and disordered by the deadly fire of the besieged. The shouts from the fort are mingled with the groans of the dying on the plain, while the officers are endeavoring to re-form their scattered masses. They return to the attack, but the sudden shower which they encounter fell them to the earth by platoons. Travis shows himself on the walls, cheering on his undaunted followers. Around him are Crockett, Evans, and Bonham, roused to a last struggle, for they know that their doom is sealed. In quick succession, rifle after rifle is discharged, sending hundreds to their long account. The Mexicans are again repulsed; they fall back, disheartened by the dead and the dying around them. The battalion of Toluca, the flower of the Mexican army, is reduced from fourteen hundred to twenty-three. Men have become for a moment regardless of their officers, and are almost delirious from the cries of anguish which no discipline can restrain, and which come from their fallen and expiring comrades. But a breach is made at last; the disjoined forces, by the aid of threats and entreaties are rallied, and once more turn their faces to the Alamo. The firing in that quarter has for some time been growing slower and slower. Rifles have dropped from many a vigorous hand, now cold in death, while others clinging to their muzzles drop; the last rifle is loaded and discharged, and the Mexicans have gained the wall. Proudly conspicuous in that awful moment, Travis receives a shot, staggers, and falls. He dies unvanquished. A Mexican officer rushes upon him, and is about to plunge his sabre into the bosom of the fallen man, when, gathering all his energies for a last effort, he bathes his own sword in the blood of his enemy, and they die together.

In the mean time the battle has been raging hot and thick. The Mexicans have poured into the citadel, like leaves falling before the storms of autumn. The conflict becomes hand to hand. Each man struggles with his adversary, dealing blows with rifles, sabres, or whatever missile may be within reach. The Texans are almost buried

beneath the numbers of their opponents. The carnage has been so terrible that the slain are piled up in heaps. Death stares each survivor in the face, but still he struggles on. Crockett has been conspicuous in the melee, wherever the blows fell hottest and thickest. He has forced his way over piles of the dead bodies of his enemies, and has reached the door of the chapel. Here he determines to make his last stand. At one glance of his eye, he sees that the fate of the Alamo rests upon himself alone. Travis has fallen; Evans is no more; Bowie expires upon a bed of sickness, pierced to the heart by a Mexican bayonet. Bonham fell before his eyes, and he finds himself the only living warrior of one hundred and sixty-three who had been his comrades. Perhaps at that moment the life-blood creeps to his heart by a natural impulse, but it is only for a moment. His foes glare on him with the fierceness of demons, and assault him with blows from sabres, muskets, and pistols. The strength of a hundred men seems concentrated in his single arm, as he deals out death to his rancorous and unsparring assailants. Their bodies have grown into a rampart before him. Blackened with fire and smoke, besmeared with blood, and roused into frenzy, he stands like some fabled god of antiquity, laughing to scorn the malice, and the power, and the fury of his enemies. New fire flashes from his eye, and new vigor nerves his arm. On his assailants rush, but it is only upon a suicidal death. They fall, but their places are still supplied; and so quickly the dead seemed to rise up before him, like armed men from the teeth of Cadmus. At length a ball from a distant rifle pierces him in the forehead: he falls backward to the earth, in the streams of gore which curdle around him. No groan escapes his lips; no cry of agony gratifies the implacable rancor of his enemies: he dies, and the Alamo has fallen.

K.  
From the Richmond Enquirer.

**The Federalists and the War.**  
We commend to our readers the powerful article from the Boston Post, with the introductory notice of the Union. It is at once caustic, humorous and logical. It depicts the gross inconsistency of the Federalists, in denouncing the "gigantic crime" of the Mexican war, and yet regarding as their Presidential candidate the chief actor in said "crime." We ask the particular attention of Southern Whigs to the course of their associates in Massachusetts, in adopting the infamous resolutions of Mr. Keyes, which will be found below. We had not thought it possible that any party could descend to the lowest point of degradation, as the Whig Legislature of Massachusetts have done. In the strong and indignant language of the Boston Times:

"Not content with having refused to grant a temporary supply in aid of the Volunteers, a Regiment raised in her own name, and by authority of the Governor—the Commander-in-Chief—and forcing them to leave the State without one dollar of its aid and comfort—she has now sealed her ingenuity by going directly over to the enemy, by considering the war as unjust, unconstitutional, unholy, and a 'gigantic crime.' She calls upon the people by the vote which she has passed, to arrest the progress of the war, to withhold supplies or voluntary contributions for its further prosecution, to withdraw our army, and to retreat from our present 'disgraceful position of aggression.'"

"These resolves are imbued with the very spirit of Abolition and Hartford Convention Federalism. They breathe incipient treason and love of the enemy, and isolate Massachusetts from her sister States and the Union to a greater degree than ever before. They show, in addition to their want of patriotism and perfect recklessness of principle, that the Whig party of the House have gone over in a body to the unholy faction of Abolitionism, and for the future will obey its behests, and act out, in its connection with the Government and other States, its malignant principles. This is where Massachusetts stands, and such is the infamy that she has brought upon herself. These resolves were presented by a double-distilled Abolitionist—Mr. Keyes, of Dedham—and passed the House by a vote of 133 to 63."

[This Keyes is the same member, who, in the Massachusetts Legislature, employed the following disgraceful language: "I would cut off my right hand before I would hold it up in favor of a proposition to afford any aid whatever to this infamous war with Mexico."]

Mr. Hayden, in offering his resolutions of thanks to Gen. Taylor and his army, said that the proper time had just arrived for such a motion—

"The House has expressed in an emphatic manner the opinion it entertains of the war and its origin; and now is the accepted time for considering the claims of Gen. Taylor, and paying him that tribute of our respect which his services so eminently merit."

So, according to this Whig leader, says the Boston Post, the "accepted time" for thanking Gen. Taylor was immediately after the House had voted that the war is "waged ingloriously, by a powerful nation against a weak neighbor," "without just cause," "for the dismemberment of Mexico," and for "extending slavery, &c.;" and "that such a war of conquest, so hateful in its objects, so wanton, unjust and unconstitutional in its origin and character, must be regarded as a war against freedom, against humanity, against the Constitution, and against the Union of the States." For conducting such a war with distinguished success, Mr. Hayden proposes thanks to the General, and the Whig House of Representatives of Massachusetts, one of the "free States" against which the war is waged, vote them!

Resolutions of thanks to Gen. Taylor, disconnected with such monstrous slurs upon the honor and character of the country, had been previously offered by Democrats and rejected. The old hero cannot but spurn the thanks of a body which, like its prototypes, the Federalists of 1812, has disgraced the State.

Here are the detestable resolutions of Mr. Keyes, which were adopted. They must excite the scorn and indignation of every Southern man and true patriot, be he Whig or Democrat:

**RESOLVES**  
**Concerning the Mexican war and the Institution of Slavery.**

Resolved, That the present war with Mexico has its primary origin in the unconstitutional annexation to the United States of the foreign State of Texas, while the same was still at war with Mexico; that it was unconstitutionally commenced by the order of the President to Gen. Taylor, to take military possession of territory in dispute between the United States and Mexico, and in the occupation of Mexico; and that it is now waged ingloriously—by a powerful nation against a weak neighbor—unnecessarily and without just cause, at immense cost of treasure and life, for the dismemberment of Mexico, and for the conquest of a portion of her territory, from which every man already has been excluded, with the triple object of extending slavery, of strengthening the 'Slave Pow-

er,' and of obtaining the control of the free States, under the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That such a war of conquest, so hateful in its objects, so wanton, unjust and unconstitutional in its origin and character, must be regarded as a war against freedom, against humanity, against justice, against the Union, against the Constitution and against the Free States; and that a regard for the true interests and the highest honor of the country, not less than the impulses of Christian duty, should arouse all good citizens to join in efforts to arrest this gigantic crime, by withholding supplies, or other voluntary contributions, for its further prosecution, by calling for the withdrawal of our army within the established limits of the United States, and, in every just way, aiding the country to retreat from the disgraceful position of aggression, which it now occupies towards a weak, distracted neighbor, and sister republic.

Resolved, That our attention is directed anew to the wrong and enormity of slavery, and to the tyranny and usurpation of the 'Slave Power,' as displayed in the history of our country, particularly in the annexation of Texas, and the present war with Mexico; and that we are impressed with the unalterable conviction, that a regard for the fair fame of our country, for the principles of morals, and for that righteousness which exalteth a nation, sanctions and requires all constitutional efforts for the abolition of slavery within the limits of the United States, while it loyally to the constitution, and a just self-defense, it makes it especially incumbent on the people of the free States to co-operate in strenuous exertions to restrain and overthrow the 'Slave Power.'

Resolved, That the annexation of territory with a Mexican population upon it, is highly inconsistent with the well-being of the Union.

Mr. Hayden, of Boston, on leave, offered resolves of thanks to Gen. Taylor, his officers and men, for their gallant conduct. Amidst much confusion, and after a variety of ineffectual motions, they were referred to a special committee, who reported they ought to pass. Much discussion ensued, after which they were adopted, 121 to 71, the question being taken by yeas and nays. The resolves were then passed to be engrossed.

From the Washington Union.

**The course of the Federalists towards Gen. Taylor and the Mexican War.**

We invite the especial attention of every reader of the "Union" to the following most just and powerful article on this subject from the "Boston Post." Long as it is, it will most amply repay a careful perusal, and we trust that it may "go the rounds" of the whole Democratic press of the country.

The overwhelming case of political "falsehood and prostitution" which the "Post" makes out, is indeed predicted exclusively (perhaps too exclusively) on the doings of the Federalists of Massachusetts. But any man at all conversant with the course of parties and politics for the last few months, will see for himself the large measure in which the strictures of the "Post" are applicable to the Federal party and press throughout the Union.

In fact, the selfish efforts and speculations of office-seekers apart, the Federal members of the Legislature of Massachusetts, have, by their course, made the question of the acceptance by Gen. Taylor of a mere party nomination for the Presidency by the Federalists, a question calculated to affect his character as a public man, and his sense of honor as a soldier. The people know that the Federalists have, for the last eighteen months, made all their political capital, and invested all their partisan hope in representing Gen. Taylor as the chief instrument in the prosecution of a plan of robbery and murder, entered upon for the purpose of extending slavery and establishing it in new regions. Upon Federal showing, General Taylor's name has been held up as that of the chief, and willing, and zealous agent in this gigantic scheme of mischief and calamity. Federalism—Federalism has, without ceasing, done its worst to stain his laurels with the dishonor of this fell crime. And yet they would call upon General Taylor to endorse the foul slanders by lending his name, on a party nomination and for party purposes, to bring these unprincipled and "traitorous" partisans into place and power. Can they thus call upon him to become the party President of his denouncers? Will he consent to become the candidate of a party that has assailed the war in which he has figured, and the laurels which he has won? Can he consent to throw himself into the arms of such a party in opposition to the patriotic people, whose just sense of national character and rights sent him to Mexico to fight their battles, and then sustained and cheered on him and his gallant army, against a flood of Federal obloquy, to his present great renown? But we will detain our readers no longer from the eloquent argumentation of the Post.

From the Boston Post, April 21.

**The Mexican War—The Massachusetts Legislature—Its Committee and its Morals on the War and Gen. Taylor.**

We especially desire to have it remembered, by present and future generations, that the Massachusetts legislature of the year 1847 was without a single democrat in the Senate, and with only thirty or forty democrats, out of some three hundred members, in the House. We rejoice there are so few, and wish there were less, to share in the disgrace that will attach to this legislative body as long as it shall be remembered.

Always premising this condition of parties, we mean, now and hereafter, to hold that body responsible to the people and the country for its treacherous conduct in regard to the Mexican war; a course of proceedings not less morally treasonable than that which dishonored, and has ever since doomed, the federal party in the war of 1812; but in meanness, shuffling, evasion, double dealing, and cowardice, incomparably inferior in every quality that commands some respect for courage and consistency, even while it challenges utter condemnation for its want of patriotism.

The Hartford Convention men were at least consistent. They denounced the war, and all engaged in it. They treated the President, and his military and naval commanders as alike the authors and instruments of villainy. They passed resolutions reproaching the President and his war, and at the same time refused a vote of thanks to the heroes who had achieved victories in that war, and they stuck to it with a consistency that would have been honorable in an honorable cause.

In the House, in 1814, they voted to call upon Mr. Madison to resign the Presidency, "on account of the nefarious conduct of his Administration in bringing on the war," and in the Senate, when a Democrat offered a vote of thanks to the gallant Lawrence and his crew for the splendid capture of the Peacock, that motion was put down, and every Whig of that day voted, "that in a war like the present, waged without a justifiable

cause, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military or naval victories."

False as they were to their country in her peril, the old Whigs were at least bold in their action, and decent in their consistency. True, they did propose to send James Madison to join Bonaparte at Elba, for making the "wicked and nefarious war," but they did not, in the same breath, laud his best General, Andrew Jackson, for so bravely carrying on that "wicked and nefarious war;" nor did they get up the capital plot of defeating Mr. Madison, and putting themselves into power, by seizing on the popularity of the hero of New Orleans to make him their candidate for the Presidency.

Sage men as they were, and shrewd statesmen, with their Otises, and Quineys, and Cabots, and Websters, they never thought of this grand expedient in modern Whig morals, of cursing a war, and lauding and rewarding those who fight it; or, in other words, denouncing a highway robbery as the most infamous of crimes, and then taking advantage of the popularity of the chief robber, to make him their President, that he may give them the offices!

This is now the precise position, in point of morals and consistency of the Massachusetts Whig legislature, and of that portion of the party here and elsewhere, who have the utter shamelessness to attempt to get into power upon a political capital, one-half of which is to be made up of cursing the administration and the "nefarious war," and the other half of the popularity of some candidate, (Taylor or Scott,) acquired by carrying on that "nefarious war."

We acquit the gallant hero of four victories of any participation in this design, nor should he be held responsible for the absurdities of those who are demonstrating how utterly contemptible Whig principles are, by this recklessness to secure popular candidate, though made such solely by his chief participation in acts which they avow in their resolves that they "ABHOR" and which they daily denounce as unconstitutional and infamous.

The "easy virtue" of the Whigs was sufficiently developed, and sufficiently punished too, when to blind the South they selected John Tyler for Vice President, knowing that he held precisely the opposite doctrines to theirs on all their pretended fundamental measures; but it would be pushing easy virtue to common prostitution, if after their course in Congress and State Legislatures, and in their presses upon the Mexican war, that the party can really forego all its most solemn professions and principles, so as to look for mere availability from the popularity of the very war they denounce and "abhor."

In this attitude the Massachusetts Whigs and the Massachusetts Legislature stand prominent. Glance over their course for a moment.

Congress, on the 11th of May, declared that war existed with Mexico; and when the President called for a regiment from Massachusetts, out came Governor Briggs (who forgot himself and his associates for the instant) and proclaimed to the world, on the 26th of May, "that the constitutional authorities of the country have declared that war with a foreign country actually exists; that it is alike the dictate of patriotism and humanity that every means, honorable to ourselves and just to our enemy, should be employed to bring the war to a successful termination—that a prompt and energetic co-operation of the whole people in the use of those means is eminently calculated to produce this result, and to that end," says he, "I call upon the citizen soldiers of Massachusetts at once to enroll themselves, and to hold themselves in readiness to be mustered into the service of the republic, when the exigencies of the country shall require it."

The citizen soldiers promptly obeyed the call of their country and of Governor George N. Briggs. But the anti-slavery men and the conscience-whigs neatly upset Mr. George N. Briggs for presuming to lead his countrymen instead of the enemy, and forthwith the governor's patriotism fell flat below zero. Then Mr. Webster got up in Faneuil Hall, and right in the teeth of the Governor's proclamation that "the constitutional authorities had declared war," he affirmed, "that nobody voted for the war; that the President made it without any vote at all;" and thereat all the whigs in Faneuil Hall shouted aloud!

Then came the irrepressible acts of the government of Massachusetts. "The exigencies of the country," which the governor had exhorted the citizen soldiers to meet arose. Gen. Taylor had triumphed on the Rio Grande and at Monterey; but the whigs still saw more political capital in anti-slavery and anti-war, than in going for their country. The governor of Massachusetts turned his back upon the gallant volunteers. The whig presses sneered at enlistments, and held up starvation and the vomit to defeat the filling up of the regiment. Whigs and disunionists assembled around the doors of the rendezvous, and hissed the brave boys that came forward to enroll themselves; while the Democrats gathered there to make spirited addresses and encourage the defenders of the country. The enlistments went on, individuals devoting their time, pledging their means, and giving their money to save Massachusetts from the disgrace which the whigs threatened, of failing in raising a single regiment. The Democratic press urged every appeal to patriotism; and the ranks were filled with just such men as were foremost in the battles of the revolution, the hard-handed mechanics and laborers.

In January the Massachusetts Legislature met—all whig. The Governor's message denounced the war, and preached abolitionism and disunion. The volunteers needed to be clothed and fed until they could be mustered. Not a word did the Governor say for them. The Keyeses and Birds in the House denounced them as robbers and murderers. Mr. Cushing proposed an appropriation, a mere loan, which all knew Congress would refund. He and the few other Democrats in the House urged it with an eloquence and power that would have lighted up a flame of patriotism in any breast where but a single spark of that virtue was cherished. Again and again the whigs voted down all aid to the volunteers, and turned them off with sneers, reproaches and contempt, under the pretext that it was wicked and awful to countenance or encourage such a wicked and awful war! Private citizens furnished what the Legislature denied, and instead of the ragged companies which the whigs hoped to see dispersed or sent out in destitution to dishonor the State, the Massachusetts regiment was landed in Mexico better equipped and disciplined than any volunteer corps that had preceded them, and at their head was the gallant Col. Cushing, whose resolutions the

whigs had voted down, and who is now promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

At the same time a vote of thanks to General Taylor and his gallant army, for their splendid victories, proposed by Democrats, was voted down by the Massachusetts whigs, the men who periled their lives for their country were denounced as cut-throats, plunderers and assassins.

The Governor's message was sent to a committee to get up an abolition anti-war report. They prepared one as full of bitterness toward the President and all engaged in the war, as was Shimei when he met King David with his army at Baldath, and cursed him as a murderer and wicked monster, and threw stones at him! But the report was held back to wait the political issue, in order that these peace men in war might see whether they could not make political capital on the other side of the question. There was danger that the Mexican war would become too popular. The editor of the Atlas, who was chairman of this committee, after filling his paper from the storehouse of vituperation in the Keyes report, and himself preparing resolutions of utter denunciation against the war, suddenly came to a pause. The Whigs were hunting for an available candidate, and who knew but that killing Mexicans in this "unjust, criminal and nefarious war" would be the most available qualification for a Whig candidate for the Presidency?

Then came the splendid achievements at Buena Vista, and Mr. Boutwell, a Democrat, offered in the House resolutions of thanks to Gen. Taylor and the gallant spirits he had so gloriously led to victory. They were sent to the committee on the militia, headed by Col. Schouler; age, the very committee that had refused to give a pair of stockings to the Massachusetts volunteers, and would have rejoiced to have had them sent to Mexico as ragged and shirking as Falsuff's regiment!

That committee hung back and refused to report until Mr. Hayden's committee should report on the Governor's message denouncing the war. One set of resolutions from Col. Schouler, which nobody could understand, and he could not explain, had already been half reported and sent back again.

By accident, a joint order got through the House requiring Mr. Hayden's committee to report; but by the intervention of the committee itself, that order was laid on the table in the Senate, and in that way the leaders hoped to smother the matter. But in the meantime, the "conscience Whigs," who had put all the talent of their best writers into the Keyes report, began to push up that denunciatory report in Mr. Hayden's committee; and the few Democrats in the House pushed the militia committee to say yes or no on Mr. Boutwell's vote of thanks to Gen. Taylor. The "conscience" Whigs were in trouble. If they turned round now and stopped denouncing the war, the "conscience" Whigs would go over to the Abolitionists. If they brought in the Keyes report, of refused to thank Gen. Taylor, they might mar the beautifully moral and consistent plan of getting a presidential candidate out of the popularity of the Mexican war, and the Massachusetts leaders would stand no chance of favor from such a candidate!

And now we have the precious results of this charming state of harmony in principle, morals and consistency in the Whig ranks. Mr. Hayden refuses to report at all from his committee on the Governor's message against the war, and pockets his denunciatory resolutions. Mr. Keyes, one of the committee, a "conscience" Whig, walks into the House with his Shimei report, and in spite of the chairman, gets it recognized and ordered to be printed, and thereupon Mr. Hayden resigns and walks out of the committee.

It is a precious document this Keyes report, and we shall, if in the humor, dissect the miserably Anglo-Mexican abortion, when it is produced to light. It shall be preserved and balled up (like other poisonous reptiles) in the fourth poor indignation of a patriotic and Union-loving people, and placed in the collection of traitorous monstrosities with the Massachusetts memorial against the last war, the Hartford Convention report, and the immoral and irrelevant resolutions against our country's victories.

At the same time, the gallant Colonel Schouler, of the militia committee, driven into a corner, has at last fired off his message. It is a marvelous piece of political artifice, which these Whig engineers have manufactured. The breach is in the middle, with a double touch-hole, and when touched off, it fires both ways, backwards and forwards! The kick backwards being designed to do the most execution. Three of the canisters, in the form of resolutions, are filled with all manner of missiles to fire off against the war, and two are charged with combustibles to inflame the patriotism of the people for the war and (in case General Taylor should be the Whig candidate) for the country's brave defenders! And cunningest of all, the piece is so contrived that it can be detached in the middle, and the American half be sent to General Taylor, and the Mexican half to Santa Anna, both of which services our patriotic governor will doubtless perform with great pleasure!

But, to drop the figure, a more shameless prostitution of pretended principles to political expediency has never been attempted in any public body! And this is the conscience of "conscience" Whigs! Verily, as old Montaigne said *L'homme de pique!* Man is his own sharpest. The conscience (especially a "conscience," and not rarely a "cotton" Whig, in politics) is the most elastic material in the world. "To day you cannot stretch it over a mole hill, to-morrow it hides a mountain!"

We have published these resolutions, (in Friday's Post), and there refer to them in all their moral deformity. We are curious to see whether the Whigs will stuff themselves by adopting them. The committee condemn themselves to contempt, to say nothing of the morality of the act, by their own report of these resolutions. They are entitled, "Resolves concerning the Mexican war, and General Taylor, his officers and men;" and the last resolution requests the Governor to cut off the fourth and fifth resolves and send them to Maj. Gen. Zachary Taylor, and keep back the rest, to be secretly forwarded to Santa Anna for his encouragement, we suppose.

A grosser insult could not be perpetrated to that gallant commander, Gen. Taylor and his invincible army, and we mistake much the elevation and integrity of his character, if he would not regard it as such.

Let us see how it would strike a brave man to be thus treated by the double-faced Massachusetts legislature. The resolves that are to be sent to Gen. Taylor say not a word of the Mexican war, but the title is, "Resolves concerning the Mexican war." This title must go with them. Of course the enquiry would be, Where is the other half of